Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
King. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy ſelfe hath that diſhonord.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſvſeſt.
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all:
If thou hadſt feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King my brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt fearde to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettel circling now thy brow,
Had graſt the tender temples of my childe,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for wormes.
Kin. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrongd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
Hereafter time for time, by the paſt wrongd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtred.
Vngouernd youth to waile it in their age:
The parents liue whoſe children thou haſt butchred,
Old withered plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſvſed, nere vſed, by time miſvſed orepaſt.
King. As I intend to proſper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hoſtile armes, my ſelfe, my ſelfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy reſt,
Be oppoſite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her conſiſts my happineſſe and thine,
Without her, follo wes to this land and me,
To thee, her ſelfe, and many a Chriſtian ſoule,
Sad deſolation, ruine, and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this.

Therefore good mother (I muſt cal
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I hau
Not by deſerts, but what I will deſer
Vrge the neceſſitie and ſtate of times,
And be not peeuiſh fond in great deſi
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diu
King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to
Qu. Shall I forget my ſelfe to be m
King. I, if your ſelfes remembrance
Qu. But thou didſt kill my childre
King. But in your daughters wom
Where in that neſt of ſpicerie there ſ
Selfes of themſelues to your recomfit
Qu. Shall I go win my daughter t
King. And be a happie mother by
Qu. I go, write to me very ſhortly,
King. Beare her my true loues kiſſe
Relenting foole, and ſhallow changin
Rat My gracious ſoueraigne, on
Rideth a puiſſant Nauie. To the ſhor
Throng many doubtfull hollow harte
Vnarmd, and vnreſolud to beate then
Tis thought that Richmond is their
And there they hull, expecting but t
Of Buckingham to welcome them a
King. Some light-foote friend poſt t
Ratliffe thy ſelfe, or Catesby, where is
Cat. Here my Lord.
Kin. Flie to the Duke: poſt thou to
When thou comeſt there: dull vnmin
Why ſtands thou ſtill, and goeſt not
Cat. Firſt mightie ſoueraigne, let me
What from your grace I ſhall deliuer
Kin. O true, good Catesby, bid him
The greateſt ſtrength and power he c
And meete me preſently at Salisbury
Rat. What is it your highnes pleaſure
Kin. Why what woulds thou do ther

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